

"Hullabaloo," by Gerald Stanley Lee.

The Critic

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The Critic

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Hullabaloo

A WISE MAN will be wise enough alone, but twenty wise men in a row will be fools—and proud of it. Then there will be twenty more. Then there will be a convention. Then there will be an epigram, and then—tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon, lest the daughters of the Philistine rejoice—there will be a toot—a scraping of the feet—a President of the United States.

"Time flies," as has been poetically observed by the people who can't. "I should think it would," said Theophilus, when the news from Chicago came, "and unless it continues to fly, and fly pretty fast, and get this nineteenth century done with, the banker will turn to the butcher and the butcher to the baker and the baker to the candlestick maker, and they will say as they look into each other's blanched and haggard faces, 'What's the use of anything?' and the answer will come in the words of Schopenhauer, 'Nothinck.'" Then they will sit in the dark and think—"and when the American public thinks," says Theophilus, "it thinks all over, and unless it stops thinking long enough to hold another convention, the future is assured."

The average man who refrained from Chicago, who stayed at home to mind his own business or to get some to mind, is tempted to exclaim as he looks up from his falling stocks, "What is a convention for?" "For the inconvenience of the public," says Mrs. Malaprop—but Solomon says, "Doth not wisdom cry and understanding put forth her voice?" Special trains of sages, the applause of multitudes—a platform, that states convictions—a hooting of horns, which proves them—a whirr of telephones—a clatter of telegraph around the world—millions of sheets of Associated Press—woodcuts, headlines, editorials, creeds, screeds, elegies, eulogies, cartoons and rhapsodies—the plain member of the Board of Trade walking the streets in dismay—the placid Britisher breaking his egg at breakfast over *The Times*, with a fine "I told you so!" and the Man with the Notebook—page 77, July 10th, '96: "In what other country in the world can a man spend a million dollars of other people's money with a speech? Where else on the earth are the markets controlled by *bon mots*? Who would have thought that the time would come when the secret fate of a nation could be hid in the 'mellifluous larynx of—an orator?' And there are those that say—who know more of statesmanship than I—that a woman in the gallery, with a white umbrella, decided the day—that at the fatal moment of the lull—the time when a minute more or a minute less would turn the victory—she shook her umbrella up and down, and precipitated a sufficient majority of noise to nominate a President of the United States."

Helping us to break away from the mutual ignorance which has been the culture of the past, the convention is the most characteristic and ingenuous custom of our day, the token of the vast companionship, which is not only the mood, but the very temperament of our time. In its rough and ready way, it displays us to the world. It is the bill-board of modern thought. In its clumsy colors our noble desires are advertised, and on its flaming lengths we post our national sins before the passing nations of the earth.

But it is a grave question with the thoughtful man whether the convention has not seen its best days—whether, from the National House of mis-Representatives to the caucus of the town, our working conception of what constitutes expressing the will of the people will not have to be revised, supervised or demolished. No matter how noble it may be, a convention of any kind is the brute form of an idea. It is sure to have the brute faults, to carry its points in brute ways, to be swayed by hypnotic and physical forces, to be

drunk with itself. By its very nature the applying of a crowd, instead of an argument, to a principle, it stands for the platitudinous in thought, the hysterical in religion, the animal in politics. With that marvelous consciousness of itself which gives to a great audience a godlike habit, almost any man who touches its monster whim is surrounded with its might. The idea that slips into oblivion in the candor of type, backed with the thunder of ten thousand throats is heard as the voice of the age. Supercilious with minorities, bullying and overriding the single soul, its very boorishness has a vast and momentary dignity. It is easily convinced with a laugh, and makes itself right with a shout. Its forethought, if it has any, is machine-made, and its second thought must be acted upon so promptly that it can hardly be called a thought at all. Without the control of its moods that a man would have because he is used to himself, or that a regular body would have because it has learned its faults, a convention is as morbidly gregarious as a recluse is morbidly confined—made up, as it generally is, of men who are addicted to conventions, who are man-mad, with whom anthropomania is a chronic condition of the brain—men whose jaded spirits ever flag without the filip of a crowd.

A convention is never in any sense a normal representation of normal manhood on any issue. Foreshortening the truth with itself, caricaturing what it loves, distorting what it hates, it is the one place on all the earth where the absurd can literally be made sublime, where the truth can be swept aside impressively, where bigotry can be glorious, where men, with shouts of joy, can place on a hoodlum's head the halo of the gods. The recent adventure which the nation has experienced in Chicago is one of those expressive events which the Great Spirit seems to have substituted in modern times for prophecy. It reveals to a popular government a fact that it will have to face—the fact that there is nothing more whimsical, more egotistical, more irresponsible, more thoughtless of everything but itself, than a crowd.

Only in a crowd, with a brass band for a soul, and the strongest voice for a gavel, could have been borne unchallenged a banner so appreciative of the Almighty as "One God. One country. One Bland." Only in a crowd, reasoning with the help of gallery gods and thinking with the thump of canes, could the tender symbol of the Savior's grief have been used as the tool of a stump speech, or the crown of thorns adopted as the keynote of a campaign, the signal for huzzas through all the land—a transparency—a banner to be trailed through torchlight processions and flaunted in political rallies to elect a President of the United States. Only in a crowd in a very large hall, listless for a very long time with speeches it could not hear, could the nation have been subjected to the lead of a political elocutionist or have fixed upon a fine enunciation to bring it to better times. It is difficult to make a fool of one man standing by himself. Seven fools will only see that the others are fools, and seven hundred—instead of grieving that so many men could do a foolish thing, it is fitting to rejoice that it took so many to do it—that it was merely a convention.

The nineteenth century will be remembered as the time when the convention evil reached its height. The mark of the amateur in all knowledge, gradually shunned by thoughtful men, falling, as the years go on, lower and lower into eloquence, it will be resorted to in the future only in those great crises of ignorance and crashes of machinery which can be avoided in no other way. The inevitable result of superimposing the locomotive upon the printing-press, in a few frail centuries, when either would have been more than the whirling brain of man could stand, the convention is the

reductio ad absurdum of Stephenson and Gutenberg, the newspaper run mad—the massing of men in columns, following fast upon the massing of ideas—a climax so tremendous that the mightiest men and idiots are the only ones who can view the field with unbewildered eyes.

From the National Undertakers' Association and the Launderers' League to the Christian Endeavor tournament and the World's Congress, the convention bestrides the world with vociferousness. The silence that descends from the hills is filled with its ceaseless din. The smallest hamlet in the land has learned to listen reverent from afar to its vast, insistent roar, as the voice of the Spirit of the Times. Every idea we have is run into a constitution. We cannot think without a chairman. Our whims have secretaries, our fads by-laws. Literature is a club, philosophy a society. Our reforms are mass-meetings. Our culture is a summer school. We mourn our mighty dead with forty vice-presidents. We remember our poets with trustees, and the immortality of a genius is duly arranged by a standing committee. Charity is an association. Theology is a set of resolutions. Religion is an endeavor to be numerous and communicative. We awe the impenitent with crowds, convert the world with boards and save the lost with delegates; and how Jesus of Nazareth could have done so great a work without being on a committee is beyond our ken. What Socrates and Solomon would have come to if they had only had the advantage of conventions, it would be hard for us to say; but in these days when the excursion train is applied to wisdom—when, having little enough, we try to make it more by pulling it about,—when secretaries urge us, treasurers dun us, programs unfold out of every mail—where is the man who guileless-eyed can look into his brother's face, who can declare upon his honor that he has never been a delegate, never belonged to anything, never been nominated, elected, imposed on, in his life?

Everything convenes, resolves, petitions, adjourns. Nothing stays adjourned. We have reports that think for us, committees that do our duty for us; and platforms spread their wooden lengths across everything we love, until there is hardly an inch of the dear old living earth to stand on, where, fresh and sweet and from day to day, we can live our lives ourselves, pick the flowers, look at the stars, guess at God, garner our grain and die.

It is half of the vitality of a government or a religion that it shall take the characteristic emphasis of its age, but it is the other half of its vitality, its sincerity, its steadfastness, that it shall resist that emphasis, that it shall balance the narrow extravagance of man with the universality of God. He only is a true believer in the unity of the world, who is doing something—being something—by himself, that will make it worth uniting. Every great truth shall have its hero and its fool—the man who thinks of it—the man who thinks of nothing else. We have passed to the day of the convention fool. He thinks; but it takes ten thousand men to make him think. He has a crowd-soul, a crowd-creed. Charged with convictions from one convention to another, he manages to live. With a sense of multitude, applause and cheers he warms his thoughts. He exhorts, dictates, places his little lever on the world and jerks. To the bigotry of the man who knows because he speaks for himself, is added a new bigotry on the earth—the bigotry of the man who speaks for the "nation," who with a more colossal prejudice than before returns from a mass meeting of himself, and with the effrontery that only a convention can give, backs his opinions with forty states, and walks the streets of his native town in the uniform of all humanity. This is a kind that has never been possible before. A great nation grows by laughing at its fools. Patriotism is a sense of humor. The American citizen has yet to learn that his convention, like his newspaper, is not to be taken seriously, that it gathers from all parts of the country only to be provincial by itself, subject to influences that are quite its own. He has yet to learn the

silence that invests his nation like the reserve of God—to place it in the balance against the din of demagogues and the petulance of crowds. In so far as conventions talk about good things, instead of doing them, he will call them bad; and in so far as they talk about bad things instead of doing them, he will remember that the explosive freedom of evil is the safeguard of the right.

It is the opportunity of the man who is born too late to begin something, to ask why something else was begun—to let others ask—to keep it alive by making it answer back. It is the reality of the spiritual life, either in religion or government, that the world shall be kept a questioning world. It is the heart of the heart to know again, to know now, to know fresh from heaven every coming of the sun, to listen for the very ring of the voice of God. Conventions shall come and go. There shall be no fretfulness in the souls of those in whose nobler scheme of life, more gentle because more vast, all truths are expected to be questioned because all truth is loved. The democratic form of government is the safest among men who think, whether their thinking is right or wrong, because it is a government that dares to question and expects to live. It is the most purely spiritual form of government on the earth because it is the most dependent on the spirit. Its charter is its need of God. Its defense is its faith in men. The awfulness of its trust—its sublime helplessness—is the hush upon every spirit that would do it wrong. Love and disease lie open in its heart. Its purity is the sun and wind. Its shelter is the storm. Making every man greater than himself by needing him, its homes are more eloquent than orators and its children more powerful than kings.

The only government that literally believes in men, it deliberately risks its life in that belief. The supreme adventure of the human soul, in its constitution is organized the trust of Christ. Though prophecy shall be fulfilled and its mighty desire shall fail, though its divine appeal shall be stifled on the earth, no failure can dim its beauty, or take away the passing glory of its life from the dreams of men. Though it perish as the leaf perisheth or as the tree falleth in the forest, it shall be the master passion of the human heart, fading from the centuries like the New Testament, only to come from the haunts of freedom hastening back—to cover the hills and valleys of the earth.

This is The Republic. In a world that belongs to belief, invincible because it believes, unconquerable because it dares to die.

GERALD STANLEY LEE.

SOUTHFIELD, MASS., 16 Aug. 1896.

Literature

"Lorenzo de' Medici"

And Florence in the Fifteenth Century. By Edward Armstrong. Illustrated. (Heroes of the Nations Series.) G. P. Putnam's Sons.

LORENZO THE MAGNIFICENT is a name that shines out bright and warm in an age when Italian history was not overstocked with enlightened tyrants, as Guicciardini calls him: "un tiranno buono e piacevole" is almost the language he uses. This great name looms up large and fair in the Florence of the fifteenth century, and stands for much that one instinctively associates with the beautiful town on the Arno—for art, culture, poetic intelligence, shrewd policy and splendid munificence. Probably the greatest of a singularly great race that gave popes to Rome and queens to France, Lorenzo attracts in a remarkable manner the fascinated gaze of historians like Villari and Canestrini, biographers like Roscoe, von Reumont and Capponi, and literary art critics like Symonds and Pater. His short career of forty-three years began in 1449 and ended in the year of the discovery of America, but it was filled with events about which critics and historians are still writing. These wonderful Florentine bankers despotically ruled upper Italy for nearly 300

years—a soft-voiced, strenuous, high-strung race that worked itself by mild, inevitable degrees from the red gown of the citizen of Florence into the imperial purple that symbolized every great dynasty in Europe. Florence, the small city-state, sixty miles long and ninety miles wide, was a Tuscan Athens, filled with a keen and restless population, of whom the Medici were the keenest and most restless, and an Athens in which Pericles appeared again and again. Immense wealth, marvellous tact, extreme political astuteness and artistic ambitions distinguished this prominent clan, whose blood and breed dominated Europe for centuries and became synonymous in art and politics with new and often admirable tendencies. A happy alliteration associates Mæcenas and Medici: Renaissance and Laurentian culture breathe the kindred air; the Venus de' Medici long reigned the Queen of Beauty until she was dethroned by the more divine Aphrodite of Melos.

Mr. Armstrong has given us a graphic and delightful volume in which with pen, picture and photograph, with coin, medal and illustrative miscellany, he makes a most successful endeavor to bring this brilliant race, this brilliant city, this acute and brilliant man, before us as they were in the age of Henry VII., Louis XI. and Columbus. The causes of the Medicean supremacy are carefully traced; Lorenzo's home life and character are painted in amiable and glowing colors; his remarkable gifts as poet and patron of art emerge with saliency, even when such men of genius as Pulci, Poliziano and Pico are being considered. In art he "discovered" Michael Angelo; in the love poem he was no mean rival of Petrarch. His short, vivid life was tropically luxuriant in both promise and performance: precocious, overflowing, almost redundant in power, it filled Florence with the eloquence and animation of its presence; and Florence swam in the golden bath of its opulence even more than Athens did in the splendor and benignity of the majestic presence of Pericles.

Laurence Sterne

The Life of Laurence Sterne. By Percy Fitzgerald. 2 vols. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

THIS REVISED EDITION of Fitzgerald's "Life of Sterne" is to all intents and purposes a new work. The author has added much fresh and important material, which, in connection with further study of the man, has led to an essentially new estimate of his character. In his preface Mr. Fitzgerald says:—"I have been obliged to modify the too favorable opinion I entertained of Sterne's life and character, and am constrained to admit that Mr. Thackeray's view—harsh as it may seem—had much to support it. Yorick's Journal, which I have read through carefully, is fatally damaging; exhibiting a repulsive combination of Pharisaical utterances and lax principle. * * * Mr. Elwin was long ago constrained to adopt the same view. Indeed, it may be always fairly presumed that licentious writing is almost certain to be followed by life and practice as licentious." Whether we accept this generalization or not, we have to admit that it was true in this particular case. Sterne was pretty clearly quite as bad as Thackeray makes him.

One of the happiest characterizations of Sterne that we have met with, and none the less apt because indirect in its origin, is in Prof. Dowden's comments (in "Shakespeare: His Mind and Art") on Jaques in "As You Like It." He says:—

"Jaques died, we know not how or when or where; but he came to life again a century later, and appeared in the world as an English clergyman. We need stand in no doubt as to his character, for we all know him under his later name of Laurence Sterne. * * * His whole life is unsubstantial and unreal, a curiosity of dainty mockery. To him all the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players."

Some of the critics have represented Jaques as a bitter, scoffing cynic; but his character had not the vigor and earnestness which that implies.

It was rather the dainty, shallow, half-real, half-affected cynicism of Sterne. He not only looked upon all men and women as merely players, but he was an actor himself. His melancholy was a part that he played, and so was his sentiment, which was rather "sentimentality." If we chose to dwell upon the subject, we might point out resemblances between the two men more in detail. Sterne's weeping over the dead donkey might be paralleled by Jaques's lament over the wounded deer, and so on. And yet, neither had much genuine feeling. They could both grow lachrymose and sentimental over donkeys and deer, but had slight sympathy with real human suffering. Sterne showed this in his domestic relations and otherwise (though this new biography relieves him from the imputation of neglecting his mother when she was in need), and Jaques indulges in unfeeling jests when Orlando appears at the dinner-table in the forest and demands food for himself and the starving Adam. Jaques, in one respect, is the better character. He had been a libertine, as the Duke reminds him, when he proposes to set up as a social reformer, laughing at the idea that the old profligate could play a part like that, good actor though he was; but Jaques seems to have settled down to a virtuous life in his later years, while Sterne kept up his licentious intrigues to the last.

Mr. Fitzgerald has not much to say of Sterne's works, but incidentally gives us bits of shrewd criticism upon them. On the whole this life is likely to be accepted as the standard one, being so complete in its personal details, and so thoroughly just and impartial in its discussion of character, that future investigation and criticism can hardly be expected to modify it materially. The two volumes are elegantly printed, and a portrait of the worldly minded clergyman forms the frontispiece to the first.

"The Minute-Man on the Frontier"

By W. G. Puddefoot. T. Y. Crowell & Co.

"THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY" W. G. Puddefoot, who has made many audiences laugh and cry by his pathetic, humorous and conscience-stirring appeals, now appears in printer's ink. Those who know him in his talk will recognize him at once in his pages. Here are the same rush of thought, crowding of witty words and bubbling over of irrepressible humor—the sublime and the ridiculous, tear-compelling pathos, the sheen of more or less legitimate rhetoric and appeals to conscience, sympathy and purse. The author knows what life in England is. When changed by the spirit of Christ, his first desire was to do something for the Master who called him. Out on the frontier he found work enough to do to make him "wish that he had been born twins." This explains a book which gives vivid pictures of life on the American frontier, which, by a well-understood paradox, happens to be chiefly in the middle of the country. As a missionary of the American Home Missionary Society, he saw all sorts and conditions of men, and tells of human oddities, the lights and shadows of the frontier, of life in the lumber-camp, on the prairie, in the Southwest, in the dark and bright places of great commonwealths in their chaotic growth.

The little book is enlivened with reproductions of photographs and has for frontispiece a portrait of the author. One can here learn what a log-house or a sod "shack" is. We see the Indians camping out between the railway ties and the lake shore, driven as it were to the very selvage of civilization. The minute-man on the frontier must, like his prototype in the Revolution, be ready to move on the enemy at a moment's notice, to settle or to migrate according to need. Most interesting of all the chapters is that treating of our latest frontier—Oklahoma. The chapter on "Injeanny vs. Heaven" is decidedly lively, and so, also, is that on the "Pioneer Wedding." The difference which "hard times" make in a new settlement is graphically pictured. How to replace sin with righteousness is the minute-man's great aim. Hard-heartedness is as abundant in the wilderness as in the great cities of "God's country." The book is full of material either for story-makers of the school of Bret Harte, for the missionary speaker, or for reading under the evening lamp. It is breezy and full of the stir of outdoor life.

"By Oak and Thorn"

A Record of English Days, By Alice Brown. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

IT IS NOT given to all men to be poets, nor to all women to be seers. The essence of the poet being that he should hear the sweetest songs while yet unsung, the same of the seer, that he should look far into the heart of things still hidden, and of both, that they should reveal—it belongs to them to strike out the phrases that live, to create a new earth. Since Wordsworth knew the evening time as quiet as a nun, thousands of blind eyes have opened to new beauty in the twilight. We see not the earth that lies about us until a magic word flashes across it. Then we quise—and see. We breathe the atmosphere, not of nature, but the atmosphere that lies between nature and the magic word. And often, by some curious paradox, the one whose eyes have been opened, whose tongue has been loosed, is better company than the poet himself. For he is not one poet only, but many. He thrills us to many tunes.

Apropos whereto, Miss Alice Brown is not a poet, nor is she a seer. But she is steeped in the book-lore of nature. Her "Oak and Thorn" cannot be said to be common or garden trees. They were grown, at least, in the garden of the Hesperides, or by Avon's water. Familiar voices rustle through their leaves—Dickens, Thackeray, Blackmore, Stevenson, Aldrich, Emerson, Tennyson, Shakespeare, Homer. It is journeying through England in rare good company. Sometimes your fellow-traveler of a page will be duly labeled, with an appropriate *Ipse dixit* issuing from his lips. Sometimes you will catch only a fleeting glimpse of him, as he slips past you, a haunting face among the leaves. Sometimes he will come in his proper garb, but unticketed; and you feel a glow of pride of recognition, of fellowship with the author who can thus deftly and unobtrusively bring together congenial souls. The book is full of shadowy recollection, of tang, of humor, of eating and drinking. It is a book to read by the shore while the tide slips out, or among the hills while the shadow travels by.

"The Ascent of Woman"

By Roy Devereux. Roberts Bros.

THE WOMAN who can say something new on the new woman is, indeed, a *rara avis*. However incredible it may seem, Miss (or is it Madam?) Devereux has accomplished the seemingly impossible. In the face of every obstacle that would induce an author to keep silence, she has spoken, and her volume is an ample justification of her temerity. But the woman who expects to find her sex exalted to the romantic pinnacle once accorded her in the days of chivalrous delusion, may as well lay aside this book, unless she can bear to hear many truths, for it is with no light and feathery touch that the author handles her theme. She has brought to her task the keenest of satire, vitriolic wit, humor and, above all, a wide and thorough knowledge of the subject under consideration. Nothing seems to have escaped her glances. She displays her gifts of divination and description alike in her analysis of a woman's love and her *lingerie*. Both are laid bare in an uncompromising manner calculated to make the injudicious grieve. She has avowedly set before herself the heroic aim of saying the whole truth about woman—an undertaking which necessarily involves many chapters, and still leaves more to be said. So far, the author contends, men have said and written only half-truths about women, misguided by feelings of gallantry or by lack of information. Women, on the other hand, by their vanity, have been restrained from telling the whole truth, even when they knew it, which is not always the case. But at last the veil of concealment has been drawn quite aside and this is one of the things the author professes to see:—"If women are seldom true to men, their fidelity to their own sex is rarer far, for there are no Davids and Jonathans among women, no friendships founded on mutual faith and held in honor."

Of course, this statement cannot pass. Few of so sweeping a nature can. In a world containing several millions of women, it is never safe to make assertions that imply omniscience. Indeed, the author who sets out to tell the "whole truth" about anything is more likely to make false statements than one who confines himself to more modest portions of verity. As Doctor Johnson once said, "there are no whole truths." One can only feel profoundly sorry for any woman who has found no Davids and Jonathans among her own sex, for they certainly exist and have been found by other women. With the exception of this case, in which the author seems to speak from insufficient data, one can find little in this book that is not admirable. To be sure, it seems a bit odd to devote the last chapter of a book on "The Ascent of Woman"

to *lingerie* (which is delicately veiled under the title "On the Invisible"). However, it may not be within the province of the reviewer to sigh for what is not, when there is so much that is, and is good. Moreover, the opening chapters of this little volume sound deeper notes, though not the deepest that can be and have been struck on this theme. Still, it is only fair to the author to admit that in her lighter chapters she has proved her own little proposition, that "a good treatise on the application of rouge may well be literature, when a discourse on enfranchisement may be mere pamphleteerism."

"The Courtships of Queen Elizabeth"

By Martin A. S. Hume. Macmillan Co.

THIS WORK is a good illustration of the fresh interest that may be given to historical facts by a new grouping. Every student of English history is more or less familiar with the various negotiations for the marriage of the Virgin Queen, and the share that policy and coquetry had in them; but the facts are scattered among the other details of her biography, which divert our attention and divide our interest. We hardly realize how many these "courtships" and intrigues were, or how large a place in the lady's life they filled, until we have them separated as far as possible from irrelevant matter and put together as Mr. Hume has arranged them. We see also their important bearing upon the history of England—of Europe, we might say—and the progress of Protestantism. It is not easy to decide sometimes whether the "fair vestal throned by the West" was actually "fancy-free" or not—whether she would fain have taken up with one of her suitors, or was merely playing a deep political game to which the dallying with a lover was wholly subordinate.

It may be questioned whether those about her understood this any better than we do now. She played her game alone, and kept her own counsel. On the whole, it seems probable that to strengthen and maintain her sovereignty at home and her prestige and influence abroad was always her controlling motive. If sentiment ever mingled in the courtships, it was never allowed to gain the ascendancy, but was kept rigidly subservient to high political considerations. The woman never ceased to be the queen, with a shrewd eye to the future of England. The woman nevertheless continually appears in minor ways—in her vanity, her caprices, her coquetry, her delight in strategy and intrigue, in a thousand feminine ways and humors.

The book is well printed, and is illustrated with portraits of Elizabeth, Leicester, Seymour, the Duke of Anjou, and the Duke of Alençon.

"Jerry the Dreamer"

By Will Payn. Harper & Bros.

IF THE GREAT public is not completely convinced of the hazardous conditions attending love unstuffed by lucre, it is not the fault of the novelist. But alas! who remembers, when he is in love, the story of any mythical Jerry and Georgia whose love grew cold when the fuel grew less, or was eliminated from consciousness by the omnipresent recollections of unpaid grocery bills. Little reck the heedless lover that the novelist's tale of disillusionizing is unimpeachable veritism, whose scenes are duplicated with grim exactness of detail in hundreds of homes in all the cities of the world. The natural man revolts (and the natural woman more) at the seemingly sordid prudence which would investigate too closely the material wherewithals of existence. But, despite our reluctance, we must admit, unless we have no eyes, or do not use them, that there are certain external conditions upon which the captious little ambassador of Venus insists. With the ultimate good of the race in view, he warns improvident sweethearts of the future by the woes and disasters of their predecessors and their sickly infants.

Along the bleak and barren steppes of poverty-stricken love, the author of "Jerry the Dreamer" leads his hero and heroine. The former is the traditional newspaper reporter, the latter the daughter of a judge who looks down upon Jerry, her lover. In consequence of this, Jerry's income includes no negotiable coupons on his father-in-law's affections. In his capacity as reporter, husband and father, poor Jerry finds his energies so overtaxed that he has little time or strength left for loving; and Mrs. Jerry, as wife, mother, housekeeper, cook and nurse, is in the same plight. Now, loving, like everything else that is valuable, takes time. And while few, perhaps, could make such an exclusively engrossing specialty of it as "the beautiful Annabel Lee, who lived with no other thought than to love and be loved by me," yet fewer still

can afford to spend all their time and vitality on a lesser good. Yet this is the pathetic record of a vast number of unchronicled lives. The poverty-stricken husband uses his wife's flower-garden, figuratively and literally, to grow potatoes in, and cuts down the graceful shading elm because it keeps the sun off his turnips. Nor is the sorry problem made any easier when one remembers that, on the other hand, plutocracy has taken the husband's wheatfield to grow its acres of selfish posies in.

And so private griefs become involved in sociological questions, and one is driven into socialism—if he is young, generous, impulsive and not willing to give the world time; or, if he is not young, or thinks oldish thoughts, he finally settles down into the more comfortable belief that it may, after all, be the design of the Maker of the universe to let the generations of the world grow slowly in knowledge and wisdom, as the giant trees of the forest have been allowed to increase slowly in height and girth. Once assured of the uniformity of the slow-working laws which underlie the world's development, man will be less ready to increase the world's pace by little firecracker projects. And so the socialistic musings and domestic miseries of "Jerry the Dreamer" leave us unperturbed, even though they may have made us a bit "teary round the lashes."

Fiction

THE OLD WORLD and the new are happily combined in Anna Robeson Brown's "Sir Mark: A Tale of the First Capital." The first episode of the story, which has in some measure the romantic interest of Stevenson's work, takes place in England, whither Sir Mark, the son of a proscribed follower of Bonnie Prince Charlie, has secretly gone to recover some hidden treasure buried in the picture-gallery of his ancestral home by his father before his flight. Sir Mark succeeds, but meets the treacherous kinsman who has by darkest deeds obtained his titles and domains—a scoundrel, yet of his own blood—reckless, cynical and debonaire. This part of the story is told by Sir Mark himself; the second episode, which is laid in Philadelphia (the "First Capital" of the title), is told by a sedate, prosperous flour-merchant of that city, who has deserved well of his country in the dark days of struggle, and whose niece Letty is as charming a daughter of the Revolution as one can desire to know. To him comes Sir Mark with letters from friends in Holland, and manages to become entangled in Benezet's horrible plot, of which St. Clair's defeat by the Indians was the appalling outcome. We have told so much of the plot of the story, because its charm lies as much in its manner as in its matter. The difference between the narrative of the reckless, well-born adventurer and that of the prosperous merchant is most artistically carried out, and the spirit of the times, the homely life of the aristocratic Philadelphians of that early day, is deftly woven into the narrative. "Sir Mark" is a rattling good story, and Miss Brown is one of those rare women that can describe fighting with fire and a man's delight therein. (D. Appleton & Co.)

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"THE COURTSHIP OF MAURICE BUCKLER," by A. E. W. Mason, is a decidedly well-told story of the Lorna Doone order, without any of the prolixity which is the chief blemish of the latter masterpiece. The hero is one of the invincible kind that can scale perpendicular walls, fight duels and make love with equal dexterity and dispatch. The plots and episodes in the book remind one of Mr. Hope's Zenda stories, without in the least suggesting plagiarism. The characters are drawn with great fidelity to life, and the setting for their exploits is artistically arranged. The hero, like Richard the Third, woos the woman whom his sword has widowed, but without the dishonor attending the deed of the former. After a protracted courtship he awakes from his amorous dreams only to find himself caught in the net which his fair lady has all along been spreading for him. But her purpose to avenge her husband's death is weakened when she learns that he had been untrue to her. Thereupon she grows tender to her heroic suitor, and everything eventuates so pleasantly that no handkerchiefs will be required at the end of the last chapter. (Macmillan Co.)

* * *

WE DOUBT whether Mr. Percy Andrae has improved an excellent story by leaving the field of romance far enough to give very transparent pseudonyms to his imaginary characters. The intrigue of "The Vanished Emperor" is strong enough to stand by itself without the questionable proceeding of making us understand that that emperor is Wandering Willie of Germany; but then, what would have become of the author's dedication of his

book to "A Sovereign Whose Genius He Admires"? Happily this emperor does not suffer from defilium tremens, as does his prototype, and he is an unsurpassed political genius, which we cannot yet affirm of that prototype. Prince Bismarck, Count Caprivi, the rulers of the German confederation, the Duke of Cumberland and many other great personages play their parts in what the author affirms is a real episode in the career of that brilliant diplomatist, Sir John Templeton. It is all very enjoyable, and different enough from Couperus's "Majesty" and Lemaitre's "Les Rois" to be compared with them. We doubt, however, whether the Emperor Willibald's English mother is quite so popular in Arminia as this English author would have us believe. (Rand, McNally & Co.)—"A HUMBLE ROMANCE," by Ada Cambridge, looks like a carefully written first draft of a very innocent story. 'Tis very goody-goody, and virtue is its own reward, with a commercial "swell" and a grand position thrown in—all in Australia, and all born of a tea-and-scones parlor started by the energetic daughter of a bewildered widow. We do not possess the requisite rural simplicity of mind to enjoy stories of this kind. The author is presumably unaware that the title of her book is that of Miss Wilkins's best-known book. (D. Appleton & Co.)

* * *

GERTRUDE WARDEN'S "The Sentimental Sex" is a wicked book, we are sorry to say, but it is immensely amusing. It is all about Bohemian society in London, and principally about a poetess of passion and an unsophisticated Australian cattle-raiser, who has read her poems and fallen in love with her portrait. He travels all the way from Australia to London to marry her, and she takes him and repents of her bargain, for "in Italy he hurried me past all pictures and statues that were not very well clad, and I was only allowed to look at popes and holy families," and he has a "complete set of stereotyped views, belonging chiefly to the 'Book of Beauty' period, which he considers appropriate for a woman, and these I am supposed to entertain"—as, for instance, "Love ennobled by the holy sacrament of marriage—the only love worth having." This apropos of his proposition that she write a volume of love-poems inspired by him. Her irreverent set calls him "the noble savage." Believing that charity begins at home, she lets its mantle cover her past, and must submit to being idealized. He believes that she worships him, for, as she shrewdly observes, "it is, indeed, difficult to persuade a man that you *don't* adore him," and she is bored to death until an artful young minx enters her house and begins a campaign to take away her husband and his comfortable income. Then she becomes jealous, but forgets about it when an old lover kisses her in her drawing-room; whereupon there is a catastrophe. People in her circle have a reprehensible custom of accepting invitations to dinner and then eloping with each other, which gives no end of trouble to their prospective hostesses. The book is fully as good in its own original way as anything that Gyp has done, and fully as naughty, though not as nasty. (D. Appleton & Co.)

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THAT SCOTCH LITERATURE will continue to flourish and grow is a foregone conclusion. Where few have succeeded, many will try, be weighed and found wanting. David Lyall's "Heather from the Brae," a collection of "Scottish Character Sketches," is a book of the fourth rank of its kind—so far behind the work of the masters whom we have still with us, that its publication seems to us entirely superfluous. (Fleming H. Revell Co.)—THE YOUNG LADY who is the supposed author of George Austin Woodward's "Diary of a 'Peculiar' Girl," would have been more usefully engaged in darning socks than in writing stuff. One of her profound reflections is:—"Some people remind me of animals. One boy is a perfect picture of a monkey, another looks just like a parrot. Would like to know if other people have such silly thoughts." They have, dear, but they do not put them in diaries. The whole thing is on a plane of inconceivable commonplaceness. To satisfy the curiosity of a clamoring multitude, the author has inserted two of his portraits—one full face, the other in profile. (Buffalo: Peter Paul Book Co.)—CAPT. CHARLES KING'S "An Army Wife" appears in a glorious military cover, and with numerous illustrations. There is plenty of plot in it, and more incident, not much differing in kind from the incident in all this author's other books, but the kind is a taking one and sure of continued popularity. In Capt. King's army things always turn out right in the end, and there never seems to be a dearth of love and kisses, even though rations may run short. When the pen crosses the sword, it seems, the cup of human happiness is full. (F. T. Neely.)

A Book and Its Story

PROF. HORT AND HIS COLABORERS

FENTON JOHN ANTHONY HORT was born in 1828 and died in 1892. From this it will be seen that his life covers the period of the most considerable advance in English Biblical literature; and with that subject is his name chiefly connected. The account of his boyhood yields no remarkable tales, for young Hort was happily no prodigy. He was merely bright and a little bookish. At Rugby he was an ardent student, but joined in a game of football with zest. In October 1846, he went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, and was duly graduated four years later. It was at this period of his life that the influence of Arnold showed itself, for, though reared in an Evangelical household, Hort at this time attached himself to the school and person of F. D. Maurice. Breadth of intellectual sympathy and spiritual earnestness were henceforth the dominant notes of his character. His letters from Cambridge during his undergraduate and graduate days are profoundly interesting, and no better biography could have blossomed from filial piety than what is afforded in the selection from these letters which nearly fills the first volume of the *Life and Letters* now issued by his son Arthur. (Macmillan Co.) They are piled one upon another, with just enough mortar of a *textus filii* to hold them together. The spelling of the earlier epistles is a thought peculiar, yet, as the writer remarks in one of them, "Out of the 50,000 words in our language, not more than 50 are pronounced as they are spelled."

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While at Cambridge he tried for several honors and prizes that he failed to obtain, probably because he was a wide reader rather than a college "grind." It had been hoped that in mathematics he would be a wrangler, but an attack of scarlatina prostrated him in the midst of the examinations. He then secured Mr. B. F. Westcott for a coach, and in the classical tripos was bracketed third, to the disappointment of his friends. Early in October of 1850, Hort tried for a fellowship and did not succeed, but was admitted, a year afterwards, as a fellow of Trinity College. He had already made the acquaintance of the Macmillans, Alexander and Daniel. From his letters it appears that he saw a great deal of the latter, who introduced him to Hughes and others who were interested in Socialism, as was Alexander Macmillan himself. Hort approached the matter cautiously. His High-Church convictions and his theory of divine authority being directly delegated to rulers, withheld him from abandoning himself to the enthusiasms of Maurice, Kingsley, Hughes and the rest. As time went on, the Evangelicals became his *bêtes noires*. Up to this time the bent of his mind had not been determined. His fad for botany and taste for natural science dated from childhood, and he had already published a score or more of papers on the subject; ecclesiastical history so charmed him now, that he planned an extensive course of reading in it. A letter written at the end of 1859 to Ellerton shows the beginning of the drift of Hort's studies toward textual criticism of the New Testament, and this came to pass apparently through the influence of Westcott.

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His correspondence hitherto had dealt largely with general literature, and it is evidence of a critical instinct, that he got at the central idea of a book. Mr. Daniel Macmillan determined Hort's career by asking him to take part in a "New Testament scheme." His part was to produce, with Westcott, an improved Greek text for the use of theological and ordinary students. In 1856 Hort wrote, for the Cambridge Essays, one on S. T. Coleridge, which Leslie Stephen pronounced the only serious attempt to give a coherent account of Coleridge's philosophy. In 1857 Hort married, relinquished (in consequence) his fellowship and took the parish of St. Ippollits. Only three years of steady parish work were granted him, for his health broke down. This is

accounted for by the late hours that he had kept in college. His letters during this period show the progress of his work of producing the revised text. His spirit was at all times fearlessly fair. He claims as ample allowance for the extremely orthodox and traditional theologians, as we are giving to the honest doubter. In the former, also, he hazards, may live some faith. The essay and review writers, whom he would not join at Rowland Williams's invitation (the long letter containing his reasons is given), he nevertheless defends, for he thinks that "they believe more of the truth than their orthodox opponents," and are "incomparably greater lovers of truth." In a project for a commentary on the whole New Testament, Hort proposed to take the synoptic Gospels as his share. Lightfoot feared that he might treat them too freely, and have lax notions about inspiration, and Hort promptly declined to take any part whatever in the work, as he could not promise to do his share to meet any preconceived theory. He thought that truth was of more importance than orthodoxy, and that, if that principle of criticism was inexpedient for the Gospels, it was so also for any other writing in the New Testament.

* * *

In his letters appear many plans for books, and notices of some of them begun. Hort worked so slowly that in some instances books that he had begun were forestalled by the publication of works on the same subject by other authors. In fact, Scrivener threatened to get out a revised Greek text of the New Testament, so slow was Hort about his work. It is the usual trait of a *savant*, as distinguished from a *littérateur*. The Macmillans began to despair of ever getting any books from him, and Mr. Daniel Macmillan at one time exclaimed in a mood of exaggeration that he feared that he should not get the revised text for twenty-five years. This was near the fact. In desperation, the publishers got Hort, Westcott and Lightfoot together in a room and pinned Hort down to work on the text alone. He promised to lay aside for a time his Simon de Montfort, his studies in geology and his researches in botany. While in the Alps, he continued his labors on the text, but was not strictly non-discursive. In 1868 he was appointed, with Maurice, Examiner in Moral Sciences at Cambridge. What did more than any other event to confine his attention to one subject of the revised text, was his joining the New Testament Revision Committee. Two years later came his election to a fellowship—that is, conjoined with a theological lectureship—in Emanuel College (Harvard's *alma mater*), and in 1878 he succeeded Dr. J. J. S. Perowne in the Hulsean Professorship of Divinity. His residence at Cambridge was convenient for the work of the revisers, and it is said that he became the most potent factor in the decisions. The Westcott and Hort text finally appeared after nearly thirty years, and it was only the publication of the Revised New Testament that compelled its appearance. The revisers' text, however, is ultimately more conservative than Westcott and Hort's. It was inevitable that the traditionalists should criticise the Revised Version. Scrivener had been the scholarly leader of this school, and now Dean Burgon, a racy pamphleteer, came out against Hort in particular. The latter did not reply, for the reason that Burgon had not the learning to render him a competent critic and judge.

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Mr. Arthur Hort is at the pains of giving pages of explanation and justification of the method of textual criticism followed by his father. The determined, if not arrogant, manner in which some English people refer to any matter American is illustrated in this biographer's mention of the tercentenary of Emanuel College. We are informed of the presence of Prof. C. E. Norton, and of the American Minister in the following terms:—"Harvard, the daughter foundation, was represented by the Hon. Eliot Norton, accompanied by J. R. Lowell." This was not the way in which Prof.

Hort mentioned the affair—see his letters to C. R. Gregory and others; his opinion of the late Phillips Brooks is mature and shows penetration. In the last years of his life, Dr. Hort's preëminence began to receive recognition. He succeeded Swainson as Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity, and even Oxford was ready to give him a D.C.L. The reasons why recognition came so late were, first his own slowness in work and lack of volubility, written and spoken, but especially his absolute independence of partisanship. He could not be counted upon to serve any clique, and on each side he was feared as a free-lance, and condemned as unsound, while men with half his learning and ability were advanced. However, he retained his intellectual integrity, which is the main thing. He was a leader, but always too far ahead of the average men of his generation. C. J. W.

The Lounger

IT IS INTERESTING, in the light of recent criticisms of English editors in American newspapers, to notice the number of American serials running in the English periodicals at the present moment. *The Graphic* is publishing "The Landlord at Lion's Head," by Mr. Howells; *The Illustrated London News*, Mr. James's "The Other House"; and a story by Mrs. Barr, who is at least half an American, is current in *The Queen*. Mr. Bret Harte tells me himself that he has a larger audience in England than at home, and certainly, Mr. W. L. Alden cannot complain of want of appreciation by English editors. As for Mrs. Craigie and Mrs. Riggs (Kate Douglas Wiggin), they are a sort of fetish of the English reading public. The former receives bigger prices in England than she does in her own country.

Mr. J. M. BARRIE has just finished a play, and disposed of the American rights to Mr. Charles Frohman. The English rights are still unsold. Mr. Barrie intended the play for Mr. Willard, who made such a success with "The Professor's Love Story," but as he wrote, the woman's part developed to such proportions that it overtopped the man's, and as it now stands the play is a woman's play. Mr. Barrie regards it as the best he has written, and I think that he is a man who can judge his own work dispassionately. It is, he tells me, more serious than either of the others.

THE UNVEILING of the memorial of Dr. Thomas Arnold in Westminster Abbey reminds a writer in *The St. James's Gazette* of the rarity of hereditary genius, or at least of the rarity of the transmission of genius from father to son. Even in the case of Thomas and Matthew Arnold, no one would contend that the latter derived his literary gift directly from his father.

"Thinking over the great names of English literature, the only cases that occur to one are the Coleridges, the Disraelis and the Lyttons, and some would add the Mills; and, with the possible exception of Samuel Taylor and Hartley Coleridge, there cannot in these cases be much talk of genius transmitted. In France there are the cases of the two Crébillons and Dumas père and Dumas fils; and if Edmond de Goncourt's critical insight is to be depended on, we shall have to add a Daudet père and Daudet fils. Felix Mendelssohn's father used to complain that he never in the world's regard had an independent existence. The first half of his life he was merely the son of Moses Mendelssohn, the philosopher, and the second half merely the father of Felix Mendelssohn, the composer."

THE ART EDITOR of one of our leading magazines said in my hearing that the great need in this country was for illustrators. There are plenty of men who do illustrative work, but they do not illustrate. The men who really do illustrating can be counted upon the fingers of one hand, but there are a great many more engaged in the work. If you read a story in the magazines and it is illustrated, how often do you find the illustrations satisfactory? While there is a great deal of sameness about Mr. Gibson's drawings, they do illustrate a certain style of story, and Mrs. Foote, who illustrates her own tales, may also be called an illustrator. While we may say that du Maurier's drawings are monotonous, we cannot deny that they give us as good an idea of his characters as the story does. Take the irrepressible Trilby. Is it not the author's portrait of her that comes before our minds whenever we think of her? If anyone else had illustrated the story, I doubt if the pictures would have made the same impression. Take, again, Mr. Hardy's "Jude," which followed "Trilby" in the pages of *Harper's Magazine*, and see if, in recalling the characters of the

story, any of the pictures that represented them come before you. Bad as Thackeray's drawings were, they illustrated his books. We really can never think of Amelia Sedley or Major Pendennis without recalling Thackeray's portraits of those immortal personages. An illustrator need not be a great artist, but he must catch the peculiarities of the characters he is portraying if he wants to make an impression upon the readers of the story.

FROM MR. W. J. LAMBERTON of Washington, D. C., comes this letter of inquiry:—"A question arose recently in a discussion among us as to the use of the best language in all writing. The discussion grew out of objections made to the polishing of language, so noticeable in the work of Mr. James Lane Allen, who is, in my opinion, the writer of the highest type of American English. At the same time my contention was, and still is, that Mr. Allen's writing is at times too fine. I hold that ordinary English—not slang or vulgarisms, entirely—is frequently more appropriate in expressing certain feelings or describing certain situations than a much higher type of language would be. Many of Mr. Allen's passages I think would be more natural, or more nearly human, if you please, if they were put into language which was less of the library and more of the daily speech of mankind. There are others who contend that it improves all situations to describe them in the best and purest language, and that a writer cannot afford to come down from the highest ideal of language and clothe his ideas in plainer words, words of less polish, because they are the most natural words. That brings the question to you for settlement, in this fashion: Who writes the best English—the writer who uses the words which will best stand the test of definition, or the one who more nearly writes what the human being would say if he could step out of the writer's mind or book and say it?"

THIS IS A QUESTION that cannot be disposed of offhand. It is really a question of taste. Hawthorne's romances, for instance, are justly regarded as masterpieces; yet no one would contend that his characters speak precisely as actual, living people would speak in similar circumstances. And the same is true of many of Shakespeare's heroes and heroines, and those of other now classic writers. In a romantic story, the language of romance may properly be employed; in a tale that seeks to be realistic, the use of colloquialisms is not only permissible but indispensable. It all depends on what effect the writer is trying to produce.

MODERN DRAMATIC ART is nothing, if it be not realistic. It has been recently announced that Mr. Charles Byron Grant has written a play in which the Roentgen rays and the cathode photograph will constitute the principal motive of the whole dramatic effort. This is what may not inaptly be termed a case of being thoroughly "up to date," and shows that our modern playwrights are still eager to grasp the newest things. We have already had the steam fire-engine melodrama, the buzz-saw comedy, the dynamite tragedy and the cowboy skit, and nothing could be more in accord with "the latest thing out" than a play in which the cathode rays are coaxed to put in their finest work as detectors of things not generally seen, and revealers of that which the spectators are supposed to want to see. It is what the theatrical lexicon, if there were such a thing, would call a "decided hit," and should surely electrify and please everybody, from the sedate front-row hairless brigade to the ever critical gallery god.

JUST HOW FAR this new agent of the dramatic art, this *deus ex machina* of the modern stage, is to probe into the mysteries of the plottings of the villain and his assistant fiends, we are not informed; but, of course, the rays will be expected to do their level best and to come out strong at the grand *dénouement* which marks the close of the show. There are some gruesome possibilities in the use of the X-ray camera, especially if a full dramatic license be given it, and it is not too strictly curbed by factual science. So it is reasonable to assume that the developments of the X-ray drama will be interesting, especially when they come to the part where the light of the new stage-science is turned full force upon the heart of the gentle heroine and into the soul of the villain who, as usual in all modern plays, "still pursues." With the X-ray camera added to the equipment of the modern drama, it is safe to predict that the buyers of theatre tickets may yet hope to witness a display of really real realism, the like of which has never been seen before. Nor are the dramatic possibilities of the X-rays half exhausted by these suggestions; for it might be possible, by a

careful application of this new dramatic science, to turn the light upon the mysteries of the plays of Shakespeare, and perhaps even to find out "whether the insanity of Hamlet was feigned or real."

* * *

MR. EDWARD A. FITZGERALD, the mountain-scaler, whose "Climbs in the New Zealand Alps," reviewed in last week's *Critic*, made him one of the notabilities of the recent London season, is the son of a gentleman formerly well known in this city, where for years he occupied a house at the southeast corner of Fifth Avenue and Twelfth Street. His sister Caroline (Lady Edmund Fitzmaurice), who contributes an appendix on the flora of the Southern Alps of New Zealand, is the author of "Venetia Victrix" (1889), a promising volume of poems, frankly imitative of "My friend, Robert Browning," to whom it was dedicated. Mr. FitzGerald is a very plucky and a very lucky climber. He has organized a new expedition, and in the autumn will attempt to scale Aconcagua—a 24,000-foot peak in the Chilean Andes. The Swiss guide Zurbriggen, who saved him from a tremendous fall in New Zealand, will accompany him; and so will a son of Mr. Gosse, the English critic, who will be the naturalist of the party. It is worth noting that this young man is a grandson of the distinguished naturalist Philip Henry Gosse.

* * *

I TRUST THERE HAS BEEN some exaggeration in the reports of Miss Beatrice Harraden's ill-health. *The Publishers' Weekly* says that she went from El Cajon to San Francisco, early in the present month, in search of change of air, from which she hopes soon to derive strength sufficient to enable her to go to her home in London. "Friends of the novelist fear her days are numbered. Four months ago she was compelled to stop work on her latest romance when it was nearly completed. A frail constitution and overwork are the cause."

* * *

FEW POETS HAVE HAD the good fortune to be translated, not only into all the languages of modern Europe, but into Arabic as well; yet the correspondent of a Scottish paper avows his acquaintance with exquisite Arabic versions of some of Burns's songs. It is not known that even Cervantes has been introduced to the Arabs, though he has become accessible to the readers of almost every other tongue. "Don Quixote," we are told, has appeared in 1324 editions, since the brave old knight first set lance in rest in 1503. More than one-third of these (528) are Spanish; and England makes a brave second, with 334. France contributes 179, Italy 99 and Portugal 84. In Germany there have been but 45. Of Swedish editions the number is 18, of modern Greek 5, of Catalan 4, of Roumanian 3, and of Basque and Latin 1 each.

* * *

OF MAKING bulky books there is no end. The first two volumes of the late Lord Selborne's "Memorials" run to nearly 1000 pages, though they stop at 1865—seven years before the autobiographer's first appointment as Lord Chancellor, and thirty years before his death. These two volumes constitute only Part I.

* * *

FROM FOND DU LAC, WISCONSIN, S. L. B. writes:—"In *The Critic* of June 13, a correspondent calls attention to some curiosities in the way of labels at a certain dime-museum. They are certainly amusing, but one does not expect too much at a dime-museum, even if Mr. Howells 'graciously approves.' A few years ago I was walking through some of the departments in the Museum at South Kensington, which is the pride of all London, and above a display of birds in a glass case was the label 'Yellow Ammer.' Now, if the weakness of our English friends for dropping their *As* extends even to the labels in an ornithological exhibit in such an institution as the South Kensington, what can you expect in the way of spelling, etc., in a New York dime-museum?"

* * *

THE BETTER CLASS of English people have learned that America is a big country, and that there are more cities in it than one, but the uneducated class is still as ignorant on the subject as its betters used to be. The neat little English chambermaid who "slopped" my room in London (I use her own term), told me that she had an aunt and a cousin in America. "Indeed," said I, "and whereabouts in America?" "In Cherry Street," answered the girl promptly. "In Cherry Street! but where?" "I have forgotten the number. We haven't heard from them for many years, though we've sent several letters to Cherry Street." I tried to explain to her that America was a big place, much bigger than all the British Isles put together; but I don't think she believed me. The fact that I didn't know Cherry Street wrote me down an ignoramus.

London Letter

NOW IS THE summer of the booksellers' discontent fading into holiday. With the first of August, offices are gradually vacated: the four corners of the globe absorb the principals, and business begins to drop until the autumn. It is not an easy hour for news. Still, there are some publishers left in town; and a few of them, by way of a last flash in the pan, are understood to have been holding a little informal meeting to protest against a certain class of contemporary reviewing, and to consider the possibilities of its prevention. This has been often threatened, and no one can be much surprised that action should eventually be taken. There are several papers, which to mention is unnecessary, and would be impolite, that make a practice of publishing so-called "reviews" that are nothing more than transcripts of all the good things in the volume under notice. The method is simplicity itself. A few sentences are written for a heading; then the book is taken and marked with a pencil, sent to the printer, and the whole "review" concocted in twenty desultory minutes. This is bad enough, as a matter of literary morals; it is even worse in its effect upon the book-trade. Many times have ladies said to me that they do not trouble to buy books, as they find all the best things in them reprinted in the ———; and, as ladies, needing material for small-talk, were wont to be the largest book-buyers, the consequence is instant and lamentable. One is really glad to think that an attempt will be made to crush this sort of arm-chair journalism. Most certainly it ought to come under the restrictions of the copyright law, for never was less justifiable plagiarism. It is to be hoped that by the autumn we may have arrived at some definite decision upon the obligations of the "copy-lifter."

It is rumored that Mr. Harmsworth's magazine, long projected and prepared, will make its appearance in October. As usual, the proprietor will give it his direct editorial supervision, while Mr. Beccles Wilson will be his responsible assistant. Sixpence will be the price, and Mr. Harmsworth is understood to have any amount of material ready for use. So sure and wise have been that gentleman's footsteps to fortune, that, despite the multitude of magazines, one is confident in predicting his success. A new magazine, edited by Mr. Sikes K. Hocking, is also to issue from the offices of Mr. F. A. Atkins, proprietor of *The Young Man* and *The Young Woman*. It will, I understand, be of a religious character, upon the lines known in England as "Low Church." The first number will contain an attractive story by Mr. A. T. Quiller Couch, who, by the bye, has not yet deserted Fowley for the smoke of London.

Yet another, and another new series. Mr. G. B. Burgin, sub-editor of *The Idler*, is to introduce in the autumn a library of novels to be called the New Vagabond Series, cheap in price and of a popular character. Mr. Burgin is said to enjoy a large sale for his stories, and his latest, "The Judge of the Four Corners," has been one of the most successful. Then, again, Messrs. F. V. White—always energetic providers of the library novel—are to give us the Welcome Library, monthly volumes in paper covers, at three-pence a number. This is a new and promising venture. Mrs. Hungerford ("The Duchess") is to lead off with a story called "A Conquering Heroine." The same firm will provide for the interests of the young generation another series, to be called the Prize: six-shilling volumes by writers popular with boys, Dr. Gordon Stables, Mr. George Manville Fenn, Mr. Hume Nisbet and the like. These should be sensible books, and useful.

It was only to be expected that there should be a biography of Lady Burton published in the course of time; and a very interesting book it ought to prove. It is now announced that the task of writing it has been entrusted to Mr. W. H. Wilkins, who is also to edit Messrs. Hutchinsons' new magazine in the autumn. The family are placing all the manuscript material in Mr. Wilkins's hands; and no other "unauthorized" biographer is likely to compete with his resources. The life will probably be ready by the spring of 1897.

Frau Blanche Willis Howard von Teuffel has been spending the summer in London, resting after a spring of unusual literary activity. She has two books almost finished: a collection of short stories, and a full-length novel. The short stories will, some of them, make an initial appearance in serial form; the publication of the novel is likely to be somewhat delayed. Frau von Teuffel is a very careful worker, and puts forth nothing in haste.

Such is the omnipotence of the bicycle that, not only are the bookstalls covered with handbooks to the elusive art of the roadster, but an ingenious publisher has even been found to give promise of a library of fiction designed for the entertainment of the wheelman. Whether the "new rider" is so much concentrated upon

his sport that he can read of nothing else, I know not; but the originality of the venture deserves success. Mr. Oswald Crawford's was the inventive brain that planned; and the first volume is to be written by Mr. Charles James, and entitled "Two on a Tandem." Meanwhile, Mr. H. G. Wells has been running, in the pages of *To-Day*, a spirited cycling idyll, "The Wheels of Chance"; and the field seems filling up. Day by day I look for the first romance upon the Roentgen rays: a topic which would appear to be full of sentimental possibilities. It is scarcely likely that the autumn season will let the opportunity pass unregarded.

LONDON, 8 August 1896.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

More About Robert Burns

THE FOUR illustrations reproduced herewith appeared in the London *Daily Chronicle* of Tuesday, July 21—the one-hundredth anniversary of the death of Robert Burns.

THE CENTENARY OF THE POET'S DEATH

(Publishers' Circular, London, 25 July)

At least 50,000 people celebrated the centenary of Robert Burns's death, at Dumfries, on Tuesday. In the morning a long procession, accompanied by bands, filed through the streets, and hundreds of persons visited the poet's grave, on which wreaths were laid, many being sent by Scottish societies in the most distant parts of the world. At two o'clock within the Drill Hall a conversation, attended by 4000 persons, was held. Lord Rosebery, who presided, said that not Scotland alone, but mankind, owed Burns a general debt; but the debt of Scotland was a special one, for Burns in exalting their race hallowed Scotland and the Scottish



THE POET'S BIRTHPLACE AT ALLOWAY

tongue. Nothing was more melancholy in all biography than the end of the brilliant poet, the delight of all society, from the highest to the lowest, sitting brooding in silence over the drama of his spent life. The bitterness of vanished homage, the gnawing doubt of fame, the distressful future of his wife and children all perplexed him. Few men could bear the strain of a poet's temperament through many years; and when Burns was dying, at the early age of thirty-seven, he made that famous prediction, "A hundred years after this they will think mair o' me." How true this has become! Burns has become the patron saint of Dumfries, and he has borne aloft the banner of the essential equality of man. At St. Michael's Churchyard, wreaths presented by 130 Burns and other societies were handed to Lord Rosebery, who placed them on the poet's tomb. The first wreath laid on the tomb was that of Lord Rosebery, consisting of arum lilies and eucharis. The most modest wreath, and yet, probably, the most interesting, was that from the Glasgow Mauchline Society. It consisted of holly and gowans, the latter grown on the field at Mossiel, celebrated by Burns in his poem "To a Mountain Daisy." The wreath was made up by the granddaughters of Burns, the daughters of Col. James Glencairn Burns.

THE HOUSE IN WHICH HE DIED

(The Pall Mall Gazette)

One of the sights of Dumfries during the Burns centenary celebrations to-day will naturally be the house where the poet spent the last three years of his life. It was from the house in the Mill Hole (now called Burns St.) that Robin's remains were borne to "his last lair" in 1796; and it was there where Bonnie Jean resided till her death in 1834, yet very little respect seems to have been paid by Dumfries to this unpretending dwelling which deserves to rank as a National monument.

The house was purchased in the fifties by Colonel Burns, the youngest son of the poet, who presented it to the Dumfries Ragged School on condition that 20% a year was paid to his grandson for life. That grandson is living still, and no tenant has ever been found willing to pay a rent of more than 12%, even with the priv-



WILLIE'S MILL, TARBOLTON,
WHERE "WILLIE BREWED A PECK O' MALT"

ilege of showing the place to visitors at so much per head. Some years ago the house was in danger of falling to pieces. Owing to a shaky foundation one of the gables gave way, and, as it became necessary to rebuild nearly half the house, the committee of the School, which is a charitable institution, supported mainly by voluntary subscriptions, felt justified in making an appeal for assistance to the members of Burns clubs in various parts of the world. Naturally a ready and generous response was expected. The price of a single glass of whiskey per member would have brought a magnificent sum. But the appeal, backed as it was by the Sheriff of the county, only brought two or three pounds, the subscription of a single club abroad. However, the work was done and paid for out of the scanty coffers of the School, aided, no doubt, by the sale of the flooring of the room in which the poet expired to a firm of memento-makers, who paid a special price for it.

But now for a revelation. All sorts of tenants have occupied "Burns's House," which has always been a favorite shrine of Colonials and Americans on a pilgrimage to the land of Burns, and many a screed of sentiment has appeared in the press of Canada and the United States describing touching scenes in the death-chamber of "Scotia's darling poet." But we have just discovered that various tenants have shown various apartments as the room in which he died, just as it happened to suit at the time



TAM O' SHANTER INN, AYR: BURNS'S FAVORITE CA' HOUSE

their domestic arrangements, and now we are left to settle the point by weighing the evidence of conflicting authorities.

In Morley's edition of Wordsworth there is a letter by Dorothy Wordsworth, describing the visit she paid to Burns's house together with her brother in August, 1803. She says:—"When

our guide had left us we turned again to Burns's grave, and afterward went to his house, wishing to inquire after Mrs. Burns, who was gone to spend some time at the seashore with her children. We spoke to the maidservant at the door, who invited us forward and we sat down in the parlor. The walls were colored with a blue wash; on one side of the fire was a mahogany desk; opposite the window a clock which Burns mentions in one of his letters as having received as a present. The house was cleanly and neat in the inside, the stairs of stone scoured white, the kitchen on the right side of the passage, the parlor on the left. In the room above the parlor the poet died, and his son very lately in the same room. The servant told us she had been four years with Mrs. Burns, who was now in great sorrow for the death of Wallace." There can be no doubt as to which room was referred to. It is the room above the parlor to the north; and yet it is not the one pointed out by the historian of the burg.



HOUSE IN DUMFRIES WHERE BURNS LIVED FROM 1793 UNTIL HIS DEATH

W. McDowall, in his "History of Dumfries," a carefully written volume, thus describes the house:—"There are in the lowest story a 'but' and a 'ben'—in other words, a kitchen and parlor—both used as such when inhabited by Burns, and the latter a fine commodious room, the best in the house. Above are two rooms of unequal size, the smaller of them, an oblong, low-ceilinged apartment, measuring fifteen feet by nine and a half, being the one in which he expired. In another place he adds:—"The dying bard was laid in a room on the south on the second floor."

Now the present tenant swears by McDowall, and shows the room above the kitchen; but the evidence of Miss Wordsworth, who had the word of Mrs. Burns's servant in 1803, ought to be conclusive that the larger and lighter room on the north is the one in which the poet expired. There must be no doubt in the future. As for the past, we can only sympathize with the travellers who came thousands of miles to write their odes and shed their tears in the wrong room.

A Question of Quotation Marks

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

On page 103, you give the title of Judge Grant's book as "The North Shore of Massachusetts." But really, is there any place which can properly thus be designated? There is the North Shore of Massachusetts Bay, commonly spoken of as "The North Shore," but of north coast the State of Massachusetts has none.

The significance of accuracy in matters even so small as this is made evident by the confusion which begins to prevail concerning the whereabouts of "The South Shore" (of Massachusetts). Geographically, legally and historically, the South Shore of Massachusetts Bay stretches from Hingham, through Cohasset, Scituate and Marshfield, to Duxbury. Through these towns the South Shore Railroad runs; and the name South Shore belongs to the locality by virtue of old custom and in respect to English undefiled. It is a misnomer to speak of the towns between Falmouth and Chatham, on the southern coast of Massachusetts, as if they were on the south shore of its bay.

X.

[The name of the book as given in these columns was copied *verbatim* from the title-page. EDS. CRITIC.]

The Barefoot Brigade

THE GERMAN WATER-CURE fad, which seems to be getting a foothold in this country, is responsible for the following verses:—

A citizen sat in the city
Half stunned by the noise from the street;
His groans were a challenge to pity
As he railed at the dust and the heat.

For he thought of the home of his childhood,
Where the dew lay in beads on the grass,—
Of the shadowy path in the wildwood,—
Of the stream with its bosom of glass.

And he sighed for a bath in the brooklet
Where minnows were caught with a pin
(That primitive fashion of hooklet
With which most young fishers begin),

Or even a barefooted ramble
While the dew on the turf was still fresh,
With the chance that a low-growing bramble
Might inflict a slight wound on the flesh.

Ah! here was a happy suggestion—
A relief within everyone's view:
Of all aids to sound sleep and digestion,
What compares with a footbath of dew?

So ere daybreak he quitted his lodging
And made a bee line for the Park,
Where an early-bird wheelman was dodging
And darting about in the dark.

As the sun rose, he loosened his laces
And divested himself of his boots;
But scarce had he gone twenty paces
When he came face to face with two brutes—

Two brutes in grey coats and brass buttons,
Who hustled him off of the grass
Reserved for the sheep and young muttons
That held a commissioners' pass.

In vain he protested and pleaded
The need of his feet for the bath:
Prayers and curses alike fell unheeded;
He was forced to abide in the path.

"In numbers is strength," he reflected:
"A *verein* would be granted access
Where I am repulsed and ejected."
Thus he pondered a plan for redress.

In three days "Kneipp Verein No 1"
Numbered members five score at the least,
All wild to kick dew at the sun
As he rose from his lair in the east.

In the Park, then, they mustered in force,
Impatient to greet the new day;
But, alas! as a matter of course,
An officer drove them away.

Now at last they have learned the right way:
A petition has brought them a pass,
And they welcome the dawn of the day
With their toes buried deep in the grass.

And the squirrels sit up in amaze,
And the birds spread their wings in affright,
For the greycoats no longer give chase
When the Barefoot Brigade comes in sight.

"Gail Hamilton"

MISS MARY ABIGAIL DODGE, who won more than national fame under the pen-name of "Gail Hamilton," died in her birthplace, Hamilton, Mass., on Aug. 17. She was born in 1830, and at the age of twenty-one began teaching in the High School at Hartford, Conn. She then became governess in the family of Dr. Gamaliel Bailey of Washington, through whose paper, *The National Era*, she first came before the public as a writer. In 1865-67, she was one of the editors of *Our Young Folks*, published in Boston. The marriage of her cousin to Mr. James G. Blaine brought her into close relations with Mr. Blaine himself, and, according to common report, she was for many years his chief adviser in matters political and literary. Her advocacy of Mrs. Maybrick's cause, too, brought her prominently before the English-

speaking world. In 1877 she wrote a series of vigorous articles against civil-service reform for the *Tribune*.

The list of her published works includes "Country Living and Country Thinking," "Gala Days," "A New Atmosphere," "Stumbling Blocks," "Skirmishes and Sketches," "Red Letter Days in Applethorpe," "Summer Rest," "Wool Gathering," "Woman's Wrongs," "A Counter Irritant," "Battle of the Books," "Woman's Worth and Worthlessness," "Little Folk Life," "Child World," "Twelve Miles from a Lemon," "Nursery Noonings," "Sermons to the Clergy," "First Love Is Best," "What Think Ye of Christ?" "Our Common School System," "Divine Guidance: Memorial of Allen W. Dodge" and "The Insuppressible Book." The past winter she spent working on her life of James G. Blaine, written with the authorization of his widow. Mr. Blaine himself, probably anticipating Miss Dodge's biography, had bequeathed to her in his will all his private letters and papers.

"Aucassin and Nicolette" Again

IN *The Critic* of July 11, I read a *longa et verbosa epistola* from Mr. Mosher to myself. Mr. Mosher accuses me of divers falsehoods. He says that, in his belief, I would *not* have granted him leave to reprint my "Aucassin," had he asked for it. I am sorry that, in his course of business, Mr. Mosher has learned to distrust the word of his fellow Christians. As it happens, leave to reprint has been asked by an American gentleman (who edits a college magazine) and has been granted. Nothing would please me more than to see "Aucassin" a popular favourite, even in my very imperfect version, nor have I ever had any pecuniary interest in its sale. It was produced (I think at "the fabulous" price of five shillings) in a limited edition, merely and solely because the publisher was not likely to recover his expenses in any other way. There cannot have been question of any profit worth mentioning.

Mr. Mosher says:—"Nor was it entirely fair to omit all reference to a proposed honorarium." Mr. Mosher will not believe me, but really I remember no such reference: if he made it, I must have overlooked it. Of course, I would have replied, "thy money perish with thee." I don't want a honorarium! I wanted common civility.

Mr. Mosher says that I lied in speaking of "some kind of an ugly photograph" of Mr. Jacob Hood's etching. It seems that this queer performance (as I think it) is a "collo type." I am sorry for collotypes.

Mr. Mosher is clearly in invincible ignorance. He also professes final impenitence, and a resolve to go on as he has begun. His condition, spiritually, is parlous: I am "wae to think" of Mr. Mosher. If he does reprint anything else of mine, I have only to ask that he will spare me "kindly overtures," "collo types" and other signs of a state which I regard with pain and the gloomiest apprehension. Mr. Mosher poses as the friend of "the needy scholar." The needy scholar can read French and buy "Aucassin" in the original at a cheaper rate than Mr. Mosher vends the spoils of British authors. What does Mr. Mosher, with his "prosa-dists," know about scholars?

LONDON, 1 Marloes Road, 22 July 1896. ANDREW LANG.

The Fine Arts

Sir John Millais

SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, President of the Royal Academy, died in London on Aug. 13, from the effects of an operation performed for the relief of cancer of the throat. He was born at Southampton, 8 June 1829, and began his artistic education in the winter of 1838-9, at a drawing academy, passing two years later into the schools of the Royal Academy. In 1856 he was elected an A. R. A., being, with the exception of Lawrence, the youngest artist who has attained that distinction; he became an R. A. in 1863, was made an officer of the Legion of Honor in 1878, a member of the Institute of France in 1883, a baronet in 1885, and President of the Royal Academy in the early part of this year, on the death of Lord Leighton. He was of an active and athletic temperament and was devoted to outdoor sports, especially to salmon-fishing, at which he was a noted expert. Socially he was a great favorite, and his death will be regretted deeply and widely. Among his surviving relatives is his sister, widow of Lester Wallack.

Owing in great part to his easy-going disposition—for he would not take the pains to defend himself,—Millais has been made the butt of a good deal of rather shallow criticism. He had, in un-

common perfection for an Englishman, the gifts which are essential for a painter, and his success was, in consequence, easy and rapid. His parents were people of means who encouraged his vocation, and he had not to struggle, as some of his noted friends had, with poverty. As a student he took the Academy gold medal for historical painting, and while yet a mere boy obtained paying work as an illustrator. But there are people who believe, or affect to believe, that great skill does not imply any considerable mental endowment, and these are ready to ascribe all the best qualities of his work to the influence on him of his brother pre-Raphaelites, William Holman Hunt and Dante Gabriel Rossetti. The minute realism of some of his early pictures, such as "The Huguenot" and "Ophelia," is said to be due to the example of Hunt, who was painting at about the same time that miracle of patience, "The Light of the World." But Millais leaned naturally to the painting of broad relations—which is surely a more intellectual kind of painting than Hunt's,—and even in the pictures just named and others like them did not fail to secure truth of aspect.

Though he undoubtedly cared more for the persons than the principles of his companions of the P. R. B., Millais's pictures of this time are the most satisfactory outcome of the latter, for they are imaginative as well as realistic, and broadly conceived as well as carefully finished. With them must be classed his book illustrations of the same period, especially those of Tennyson's poems and Trollope's novels, in all of which there is a very uncommon feeling for character and emotional expression, with an always ready invention of appropriate treatment. The simplicity of the means with which the desired effect is gained is, in some cases, extraordinary; take the snow scene in the illustration to "St. Agnes' Eve," and the figures in the cut of "Edward Gray" for examples. His later work does not often come up to them in depth of feeling, but in power of handling he has sometimes surpassed them. His big unpopular landscapes, such as "Scotch Firs" and "Flowing to the Sea," are perhaps his best works in this respect. Several of Millais's paintings are very well known through engravings, among them being the two named above and "The Proscribed Royalist," a man hiding in the hollow of a tree, "St. Agnes' Eve," illustrating Keats's poem of the name, and a quite different composition from the drawing referred to above, "The Black Brunswicker" and "Yes and No." He was rather poorly represented at the World's Fair at Chicago by "The Ornithologist" and a few portraits.

Olin L. Warner

MR. OLIN L. WARNER, who died last week at the Presbyterian Hospital in this city from injuries received by collision with a cab while riding a bicycle in Central Park, was a sculptor of talent, best known for his portrait busts and reliefs. He was born in 1848, and early showed a marked talent for art. On that account he was sent abroad, where he studied in various French ateliers. The results of this training showed unmistakably in the easy mastery of his method, which never forced itself upon the attention. Perhaps the work by which he would choose to be known, above all others, is his bust of the painter, J. Alden Weir. He was a member of the Society of American Artists, and a frequent contributor to its exhibitions, and to those of the Sculpture Society. He belonged also to the National Academy of Design. His death at a comparatively early age is an appreciable loss to American art.

Mr. Chase in Philadelphia

THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY of the Fine Arts has secured the services of Mr. William M. Chase as instructor in its schools for the coming term, which will open on Oct. 1. He will assume charge of the life classes for both men and women, and will organize an advanced class in still-life painting. Mr. Chase is at present at Shinnecock, conducting his well-known summer school. His proposed trip to Holland during the coming winter with a party of students, to succeed last winter's trip to Spain, will, of course, be given up. He recently resigned his instructorship in the Art Students' League of this city; and altogether we cannot help thinking that what is Philadelphia's great gain is New York's grievous loss. But, after all, the ex-President of the Society of American Artists remains ours, and we doubt not that, with the admirable equipments of the Pennsylvania Academy's schools, he will be able to do as much for American art in the Quaker City as he has done for so many years among us and in Brooklyn.

Art Note

"STUDIES in the Science of Drawing in Art," by Aimée Osborne Moore, is an ambitious little book which aims to explain drawing, perspective, optics and a few other related matters, not only to students and teachers of art, but to all whom these things may concern. We have seen larger works which promised more and performed less. (Ginn & Co.)

Education

THE PROGRAM of Princeton's sesquicentennial celebration of its founding, on Oct. 20-22, will include a series of public lectures, to be delivered "by some of the distinguished professors from British and Continental universities who are delegates to the celebration." These lectures will be given in the week preceding the celebration proper.

The Rev. Joseph H. Sawyer was appointed Principal of Williston Seminary at a meeting of the Trustees held in Easthampton on Aug. 12. He succeeds Dr. William Gallagher.

In the thirtieth annual report of Howard University, its President, the Rev. Dr. J. E. Rankin, discusses the charge of sectarian management made at the last session of Congress, and seems to dispose of it utterly.

The library of the late Prof. Ernst Curtius, consisting of about 3500 bound volumes and an equal number of rare and valuable treatises in pamphlet form, is to be sold. Dr. Weyl, the chief librarian of the Royal Library of Berlin, considers the collection the most important of its kind that has been offered to the public since the death of Otto Jahn. It is devoutly to be hoped that the library will be acquired by an American university—either by purchase, or as a gift from some rich friend of education.

Chautauqua is to have another new building, to be known as the Hall of the Christ, the ground for which was consecrated on Aug. 18. The building is to be the most substantial yet erected there.

Notes

THE SALE of 500,000 copies of the Temple Edition of Shakespeare has encouraged the publishers (the Messrs. Dent in London and the Macmillan Co. in this country) to plan a series of old English dramatists, to be published in the same style, unexpurgated. Marlowe, Webster, Fletcher and Jonson will begin the new undertaking. A series of "Temple Classics" will be started shortly with "Faust," Bacon's "Essays," More's "Utopia" and De Quincey's "Opium Eater."

—Mr. Dykes Campbell's well-known "Life of Coleridge" is about to be re-issued by the Macmillan Co., with a memoir of the author by his friend Mr. Leslie Stephen, who tries, in his own words, "to show why Campbell's premature death has not only been regretted by lovers of literature, but brought sorrow to a very wide circle of personal friends." Of the "Life" itself, Mr. Stephen takes occasion to say that it was "a remarkable contribution to the history of English literature," and "for the first time fixed many dates and facts, cleared up misunderstandings and unravelled tangled passages for the benefit of all future students."

—Miss Julia Magruder's new novel, "The Violet," will be published by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. in September, with illustrations by Charles Dana Gibson.

—Brentano's announce for early publication "Short-Suit Whist," by Val. W. Starnes.

—A new edition of the late Mrs. Lamb's "History of New York" has been prepared for Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Co. by Mrs. Burton Harrison, who has added a chapter on the externals of the modern city, with illustrations. This chapter will be published separately, also, in the same style as the whole work.

—Messrs. Lea Bros. & Co. have just issued the third and concluding volume of Mr. Henry Charles Lea's "History of Confession and Indulgences in the Latin Church," dealing with the history of indulgences.

—The Hon. James Bryce's "Impressions of South Africa" will soon be published in book-form. Four of these articles appeared in *The Century*. Mr. Bryce's knowledge of the subject, his statesmanship and his qualifications as a writer will make this a standard work. Mr. Joel Chandler Harris has revised his popular story, "Daddy Jake, the Runaway," which will be republished by the Century Co. in a volume uniform with Mr. Kipling's "Jungle Books."

—*The Atlantic* has been so fortunate as to secure the first novel written by Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin. Its name is "Marm Lisa," and it will begin in the September number and end in the November. Two notable papers will be published in the September *Atlantic*—"The Story of Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Charles Dudley Warner, who tells the unprecedented history of this book; and "The Awakening of the Negro," by Booker T. Washington.

—Miss Katherine Pearson Woods has at last completed "John: a Tale of King Messiah," which is to be published in the fall by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. The book is the first of a trilogy which will form a study of the social message of Christianity to the first century.

—Mr. G. W. Smalley has gone to Europe to gather material for a short series of articles for *The Ladies' Home Journal*. He will spend the two months' holiday granted him for the purpose by the London *Times* in England and Germany. Ian Maclaren's new short story, "The Minister of St. Bede's," the last he will write until after his American visit, will be published in the October and November numbers of the magazine.

—Messrs. William Andrews & Co. of London and Hull, England, will shortly commence a periodical under the title of *The Book World*. It will be conducted by Mr. Andrews.

—Mr. Fraser Rae will contribute to an early number of *The Nineteenth Century* a paper relating to points dwelt upon by Mr. Gladstone in his article on Sheridan in the June number, and he will publish for the first time interesting letters from Sheridan himself, his son Tom, the Duke of Bedford and Charles James Fox.

—The Baker & Taylor Co. has just issued a "Bulletin of Books on the Currency Question," with notes indicating the position taken by each author.

—Frederick William Nichols Crouch, who will long be remembered as the composer of "Kathleen Mavourneen," died on Tuesday at the age of eighty-eight. He was a native of London, but had spent more than half of his checkered life in this country, chiefly in Baltimore. He had married four times and was the father of twenty-seven children. The number of his compositions was about 2000.

—Miss Olivia Clemens, Mark Twain's eldest daughter, died at Hartford on Tuesday. She was a pupil of Marchesi, who encouraged her to expect a brilliant career as a singer, but ill health forced her to abandon her studies.

—Way & Williams, and not Stone & Kimball, are the publishers of Mrs. Elia W. Peattie's "A Mountain Woman," reviewed in *The Critic* of Aug. 8.

—Tolstoi recently told a French interviewer that "Alphonse Daudet has a certain talent; Paul Bourget is a brilliant essayist, but a poor novelist, his head being too crammed with facts; Marcel Prévost is worth more than his books, which are 'inqualifiables.' Guy de Maupassant knew how to see and tell what he had seen. His style was as pure as a precious metal. He was miles ahead of Flaubert, Zola and everybody. Zola is a diligent and plodding writer. I liked his 'Germinal,' and 'La Terre' is a novel of peasant humanity. As for 'Lourdes,' I stopped at the hundredth page, and 'Rome' I never opened."

—The August *Bibelot* consists of two early chapters from "Richard Feverel," reprinted under the title of "An Idyl of First Love."

—The examination, this week, of Mr. F. Tennyson Neely, in the suit brought against him by Col. R. H. Savage, is said to be the first instance in this country of a judicial examination of a publisher's accounts by request of an author.

—Björnstjerne Björnson is about to leave Norway, to take up his permanent residence in Germany. In a recent issue of the *Vendens Gang* he states that the continued attacks upon him at home are the cause of this decision, and that he believes that he will find a more congenial field for his literary labors in Germany, where he will have fewer temptations to take part in politics.

—The first of a series of monthly biographical and critical studies of "Southern Writers" is devoted to "Joel Chandler Harris," the appreciation being by William Malone Baskerville. (Nashville, Tenn.: Barbee & Smith.)

—According to the eightieth annual report of the American Bible Society, its total issues, at home and abroad, for the year ending March 31 last, amounted to 1,750,283 copies. The issues of the Society during the eighty years of its existence amount to 61,705,841 copies.

—Zola has written the libretto for an opera, "Messidor," to be produced at the Grand Opera House in Paris during the coming season. The scene is laid in the Valley of Betmale, in the Pyrenees, which insures picturesque stage-setting and costuming, although the time of action is the present day. The idea of "Messidor" occurred to M. Zola while he was gathering material for "Lourdes" in the Pyrenees. The music of the opera is by M. Bruneau.

—Opera at the Metropolitan will be much the same as usual next winter. Mr. Grau has secured the prime favorites—Melba, Calvé, Eames, Nordica, Jean and Édouard de Reszké and Plançon, with Seidl, Mancinelli and Bevnigani as conductors. The season will open on Nov. 16, and continue through thirteen weeks.

—The Schiller Prize has been awarded, this year, to Hauptmann's drama "Hannele," but the German Emperor may refuse to sanction the award. The Grillparzer prize, which was won this year by the same play, was founded by Grillparzer, who gave 20,000 florins, the interest on which was to be given once in three years to the relatively best new German dramatic work. In 1893 no prize was assigned, wherefore Hauptmann received 2400 florins.

—The following notes are taken from I. N. F.'s London letter to the *Tribune* of Aug. 9:—"Dr. E. W. Donald of Boston has been in London this week, but has gone to France, where he has literary work which will occupy him for a few weeks. Mr. Justin McCarthy is writing another volume of 'A History of Our Own Times,' which will embrace events of the last sixteen years. This may be published in the autumn, when the Queen completes the sixtieth year of her reign. Mr. Anthony Hope and Mr. Edward Rose are said to have divided \$50,000 from the production of 'The Prisoner of Zenda' on the stage. Mr. Wilson Barrett has found in 'The Sign of the Cross' a gold mine; it is more profitable than any other recent play. Mr. Gladstone has arranged to see it this afternoon at Chester. It will be his first visit to a theatre since the failure of his sight."

Free Parliament

Communications must be accompanied by the names and addresses of correspondents, not necessarily for publication. In referring to any question, always give its number.

QUESTIONS

1817.—In June 1868 Alice Cary wrote to a friend that she was about to send to *The Atlantic* a story which she described thus:—"It is entitled 'My Second-hand Bracelet.' The original owner

of the bracelet was the wife of Edgar A. Poe. I have changed names and places, but for the rest it is almost literally true, and for that reason, it seems to me, may prove interesting, for truth carries with it a power that nothing else can have. Of course the man who visits the old shop so often is Poe." The story did not appear in *The Atlantic*, nor is the title to be found in Poole. I write in the hope that some reader of *The Critic* read it elsewhere (possibly under another title) and will say where. W. M. G.

1818.—1. What Eastern universities and colleges give a course in journalism? 2. Will you recommend to me a life of Queen Mary Stuart that is not so biased as Miss Strickland's?

WINDSOR, N. Y.

V. K.

[2. The English language seems rather barren of unbiased biographies of Mary Stuart. The best account is in French, "Histoire de Marie Stuart," by F. M. A. Miguet, who reaches essentially the same conclusions as Hume, but by a more conservative and scientific path. Eds. *CRITIC*.]

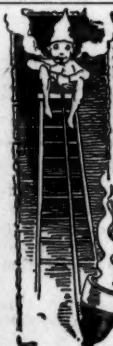
1819.—In Rowe and Webb's "Selections from Tennyson" (Macmillan) in a note (p. 114) on *Excalibur*, the editors say: "Compare Longfellow's lines:—

'It is the sword of a good Knight,
Tho' homespun be his mail;
What matter if it be not hight
Joyeuse, Colada, Durindale,
Excalibur, or Arundel?'"

I do not remember the lines as Longfellow's and do not find them in a hasty examination of his poems. Friends who are very familiar with all his works tell me that they do not recognize them as his. Did he write them? If not, whose are they? J. J.

Publications Received

Cheshire, H. F. *The Hastings Chess Tournament, 1895.* \$1.75. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Conrad, J. *An Outcast of the Islands.* \$1. D. Appleton & Co.
Culbertson, Anne V. *Lays of a Wandering Minstrel.* \$1. J. B. Lippincott Co.
Dana, C. A. *Proudhon and his "Bank of the People."* New York: R. R. Tucker.
Goldsmith, O. *The Vicar of Wakefield.* Longmans' English Classics.
Lea, H. C. *History of Auricular Confession and Indulgences in the Latin Church.* Vol. III. Philada.: Lea Bros. & Co.
Macaulay, J. *Life of Samuel Johnson.* Longmans' English Classics.
Milton, John. *Paradise Lost.* Longmans' English Classics.
Pemberton, C. H. *Your Little Brother James.* Longmans, Green & Co.
Roby, H. R. *Gold and Silver Question at a Glance.* Stamford, N. Y.: Recorder Book Press.
Sir Roger de Coverley Papers. Longmans' English Classics. Excelsior Pub. House.
Southey, Robert. *Life of Nelson.* Longmans' English Classics.
Wilcox, W. D. *Camping in the Canadian Rockies.* \$4. Longmans, Green & Co.
G. P. Putnam's Sons.



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